

# AN IOWA ASYLUM.

HOW THE FEEBLE MINDED ARE  
CARED FOR AT GLENWOOD.

Some Information Gleaned from the  
Best Sources as to the Proper Treatment  
of Idiots—Not Enough Attention  
at Present Given the Defective Classes.

(Special Correspondence.)

GLENWOOD, Ia., July 12.—The tenth census gives the number of persons belonging to the defective and delinquent classes in the United States, including criminals, at 461,251, or 1 in every 108 of the total population. The cost of supporting the great army of delinquency was placed at \$70,000,000 a year. In the jails, almshouses, hotels, in the highways and byways of the land are to be found the weak and vicious reproducing their kind, only to entail upon succeeding generations an increasing burden of illegitimate, criminals and paupers, to become a burden of expense for crime, not to speak of the untold expense of ruined lives, disease and suffering.



ASYLUM AT GLENWOOD, IA.

The most remarkable instance of hereditary crime and pauperism of which there is a well-traced history is that of the "Juke" family of New York state. This interesting record was the work of Richard L. Dugdale, a member of the Prison Reform Association. He learned more or less of the life history of 700 descendants of the Juke sires, and presents a deplorable and appalling array of facts and figures. He traced this wretched family through six generations, and carefully calculated the cost to the communities inflicted by the fifth and sixth generations at over \$1,300,000, not to take into consideration the enticement of crime, misery and pauperism of survivors in succeeding generations, and innumerable disease, insanity and idiocy, as a necessary sequel of all this debauchery. Eighty of the Jukes were idiotic or insane. The crimes of the family covered everything in the almost endless variety known to the law. Both Martha and Ada Juke were women of feeble minds, but they left a record, infamous though it be, as "mothers of criminals."

The census shows upwards of 50,000 feeble-minded and idiotic persons in the United States, women in due ratio predominating. The Juke sires are the prototypes of feeble-mindedness to be found in jails and poor houses in every state in the Union. The result is seen, but the source is not considered. Prisons and asylums multiply, and except with the few causes and prevention of crime, insanity and idiocy receive little attention or thought.

There are two views taken by the world in considering the defective classes. One is a general disregard of the misery attending unfortunate, in the hope and belief that the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" will ultimately wipe them out. The proposition, too, to destroy the helpless and incompetent young is one that cannot be tolerated by civilized beings. That course is left to savage and the brute creation. The second view is that of paternal government for defectives. Dr. Kerlin, in discussing the question of the government dealing with the wants and rights of the individual, says: "In our present development, government, where best for the common weal should assume the relation of parent to its subject; licensing here and refusing there; correcting an evil at one point or absolutely abating that evil at another; giving personal liberty where self reliance proves its rightful claim; abridging personal liberty where its exercise is attended with a burden against the rights of the peaceable, whether in the spoliation of the house breaker or house burner, in the tyranny and brutality of the inebriate's home, or in the corruption of the very springs of life in the prostitution of the brothel."

Dr. Powell, of the Iowa Institution for Feeble Minded, says: "The strongest letters of appeal for admission of inmates to our institution come from parents who have advanced to that period in life when thought of the future welfare of their children crowd heavily upon them. The mother of an imbecile child is one of the most pitiable objects in the world, for her burden of helplessness, grief and care must increase with the passing years, and to many an aged mother has come the thought, 'Who will care for and guard my afflicted daughter in the future?'"

"The very idea of a feeble child being without suitable protection is painful, not only to parents, but to all good citizens. It is not only justice to the individual, but to the state, that persons thus afflicted should have the strong arm of the commonwealth to shield and protect them. It is not enough that the state provide temporarily for this class of unfortunate; it must be a life school and home for its inmates, thereby preventing the transmission of imbecility to a still more degraded progeny." An Iowa legislative committee urges the permanency of the feeble-minded institution on the grounds of public safety, believing that to turn inmates out with the possibility of reproducing their kind was a disregard of law both human and divine.

New York and Pennsylvania have already taken advance steps in providing special and permanent accommodations for ungarmed feeble females. Despite false political platitudes and hardness of heart, the noble movement in behalf of the permanent support of the weak-minded and other dependent classes will eventually succeed and all such delinquents will become the wards of the state. "In the future," says Dr. Kerlin, "the correlation of idiocy, insanity, pauperism and crime will be understood. There will be fewer almshouses and more workshops. Jails, criminal courts and groggeries will correspondingly decrease, and there over the country may be the villages of the simple, made up of the warped, twisted and incorrigible, happily contributing to their own and the support of those more lowly—'cities of refuge' in truth—labeled in which all shall live contentedly, because no longer misanthropic nor taxed beyond their mental and moral capacity. They shall go out no more, and they shall neither marry nor be given in marriage in these heavens dedicated to incompetency."

I was led to an investigation of this question of public control and isolation of the mentally deformed class in particular by a visit to the Iowa State Institution for Feeble Minded located at Glenwood, where 350 of the most unfortunate of human beings are congregated, many of them having been rescued from the garbage heap of society and there trained in the direction of intelligence and betterment.

Iowa was the seventh state in the Union to organize an institution for education and care of this class. Twenty states now recognize the right of the weak-minded child to some sort of elevating influence. Thirteen of these states have institutions to this end, while the other seven make partial provision for feeble-minded children in private or other state institutions. The Iowa institution was founded in 1870, under the supervision of Dr. O. W. Archibald, now of the North Dakota insane hospital, and was succeeded in 1880 by Dr. F. W. Powell, who has faithfully and intelligently carried forward the work. At first the institution was regarded as an experiment, and a remote scene relative to their helpless children to the race of a state asylum. Confidence increased as good results became apparent. It was soon crowded, and from one building the institution has grown into a plant of six brick structures, where the work of recreating the weak children of misfortune is carried on in a comprehensive manner.

# MARY JANE'S TRAVELS.

WITH DICKEY SHE VISITS THE  
SUNNY LAND OF FRANCE.

What the Two Women Find That is of  
Interest in a Daylight Journey from  
Boulogne to Marseilles—Dickey's Observations  
Recorded.

(Special Correspondence.)

MANNEVILLE, France, June 28.—I have heard a great deal about "Sunny France," the "vine clad hills," and that sort of poetic slush, and counted it as so much paid the printer for advertising, but I take it all back now. Then, when I did not have the thing that is down on the hills. Perhaps the terrible month of May in London had something to do with making the sunshine of the rose month so delightful in France. I do not know. I do not say it is a "Sunny France," and there are "vine clad hills," and there is everything that is down on the hills. Perhaps the terrible month of May in London had something to do with making the sunshine of the rose month so delightful in France. I do not know. I do not say it is a "Sunny France," and there are "vine clad hills," and there is everything that is down on the hills.

It was our first experience in a really foreign land, and we enjoyed it as children enjoy a picnic. It was a positive relief to get out of England, where everything in the country is kept with such painful neatness, and see once more a plain board fence with a gate loose on the hinges, a few stray weeds along the roadside, growing in an independent fashion, and a tree now and then, which did not have the appearance of being brought up as a set. The country between Boulogne and Paris is flat and rather uninteresting, except to the stranger who is in France for the first time, and to whom the inevitable blue sky and the green sea and the tall, monumental shade from along every roadway are more than forty acres of beautiful landscape with history resting on every hand of dust scattered over them.

Speaking of the blue sky and the green sea, I remind me that in England and France the small farmer or the laborer shows his calling in his clothes to a much greater extent than among the same classes in America. With us a sturdy farmer or workman in his shirt sleeves needs only his coat to make his appearance of being brought up as a set. The country between Boulogne and Paris is flat and rather uninteresting, except to the stranger who is in France for the first time, and to whom the inevitable blue sky and the green sea and the tall, monumental shade from along every roadway are more than forty acres of beautiful landscape with history resting on every hand of dust scattered over them.

Our public charities and reformatory institutions are among the highest and noblest products of Christian philanthropy—one of the finest outgrowths of nineteenth century civilization. Iowa has provided for the education and care of her defectives, as well as her normal children, with a munificence as broad and liberal as her prairies are grand and productive. Dr. Kerlin, superintendent of the Pennsylvania institution, the largest in the world, pays the following tribute to the Iowa institution in an address before the national convention of charities and correction. He said: "Of all the states in which special provision has been made for the education of the feeble-minded, Iowa has most rapidly developed her work. We would recommend a surer cure for those who are skeptical in regard to this work than to visit the Iowa institution. It was founded in faith, with the broadest perceptions of state duty and state capacity. The public school system of Iowa is pointed out as a model in the great family of states, at the same time the Hawkeye state ranks with the older commonwealths in special educational efforts."

MOSES FOLSON.

# TWO FRENCH RACERS.

Monarque and Tenebreuse, Winners of  
Two Great Gallic Matches.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, July 11.—Lovers of the race horse will certainly take pleasure in the picture here presented of the French horse and mare which have lately carried off the honors at Paris and Chantilly. Both are runners, for the French like the English pay much less attention to trotting than the Americans.



MONARQUE.

Monarque and Tenebreuse ("Monarch" and "Darkness") are both from the stable of M. P. Aumont, both bays, bred in the Victor stud, in the valley of the Arge. At the Derby of Chantilly, Monarque led, and a fortnight later the mare Tenebreuse won the grand prize at the Paris races. Both were ridden by English jockeys, the horse by Hartley and the mare by Woodburn, who had been badly summoned from England. Tenebreuse gained an easy victory at Paris, though among her competitors were Merry Hampton and The Baron, who had won prizes at the British Derby. The latter came in second at Paris.

Monarque ran his first race in a long bout at Deauville, when, but two years old, and showed a slight "halt," which the French jockeys pronounced fatal to his chances as a runner, but did not hinder him in the short heat at Chantilly.

The elegant form and free action of Tenebreuse excited the enthusiasm of all the sportsmen at the grand race, and she is regarded as the pride of the French course.



TENEBREUSE.

Both are from the same sire—Saxifrage; Monarque's dam is Destinee, and New Star that of Tenebreuse. One cuts the same game of both horses and the style of the jockeys who rode them to victory.

CHAMBERS, Not Barrels.

Johnny the office boy: "What kind of pistol you got?—the 4th one; lots of shots ter one."

Johnny—How many barrels?

Joe (scarcely)—Tain't barrels, or hogheads, or anything of that kind, little fellow, it's chambers."

Johnny—Hog? Feel mighty smart, don't yer? I wouldn't have a chamber maid pistol no how!—Boston Record.

A Poor Town.

"How do you like the town?" asked a white man of Sam Downing, who had just arrived in town and started a leather shop. "The town are good enough, but I'm sorry for the folks—hey are so poor!" "There seems to be considerable wealth," remarked the customer.

"Yes, there seems to be, but it's all a snare and a delusion. Yesterday I signed a change for a \$5 bill. I hunted all for my pocket and I hadn't found it yet. I never saw a town where it was so hard to get change from a pore \$5 bill!"—Drake's Traveler's Magazine.

Merely an Accident.

Little Maria: "Ammy, you don't know how mad papa got this morning. He slammed a plate against the wall and broke it all to pieces."

Little Carl, reproachfully—Mamma told us not to speak and sit still, Marie."

Maria: "Oh, yes, I forgot. Papa didn't throw the plate against the wall. It just slipped out of his hand and fell against the wall and broke into a thousand pieces!"—Texas Sittings.

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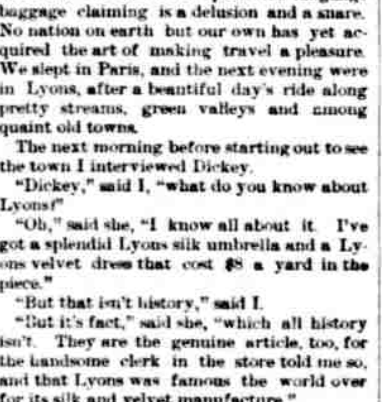
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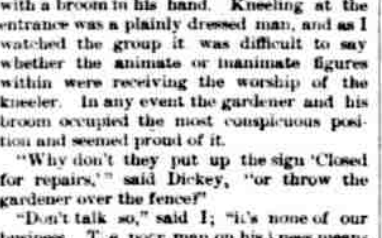


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# OUR SERVANTS.

Interview with a Man Who Makes Im-  
provement of the Memory a Specialty.

NEW YORK, July 11.—The third or fourth story, front, of an imposing building on Fifth avenue, near its junction with Broadway, bears a sign to attract attention from the street. It is in black and white, extends across a window, and aside from a "professional" name leaves in large letters the word "Memory." Curiosity impelled me to ascend the winding staircase which led to the office to which the window and its sign belong.

A pretty girl sprang up from manipulation of a typewriter in an outer office as I entered, and when I asked for the professor she pointed to the inner room, where I was soon invited.

A stout man with a big head, partly bald, and a gray mustache, sat in this apartment leaning over letters from a pile before him. I asked an explanation of his peculiar sign. "There is little to explain about it," he said, "except that I teach people to remember anything they want to remember. With the co-operation of any pupil one can have just as good a memory as he may desire to have."

"How long does it take to learn, professor?" "The course consists of five lessons, which may be given by mail fully as well as in person."

"And how long are the lessons?" "That depends on the pupil, of course; the average is about three hours, I think. Much of my teaching is done in classes by a series of lectures. I have lectured to a class of 300 at Yale college, 400 at the University of California, 100 at Columbia law students, 300 ladies students of Wellesley college and many others in this country. In England I have been even more prominently identified with educational institutions."

"How long have you been in this business?" "About twenty-five years, most of the time abroad. I still have a branch in London, and, in fact, have been in this country only about a year. I was induced to come here by an American pupil."

"There are two stages of memory," the lecturer said to me, "except power and revival of impressions. My system is to increase each of these so you remember because you can't help yourself. Concentration is the cardinal feature of the system, and the first thing to strengthen the power of attention so you hold your own and do not forget without wandering. Our natural memories are broken down by learning things by rote."

The professor gave me a pamphlet profuse with caps, italics and lines from which I learned that he also teaches "memory" and the art of illustration, or how to find appropriate anecdotes, adages, formulas, etc. Among the gentleman's pupils have been Julius P. Benjamin, W. W. Astor, Dr. Buxton and Mr. T. S. Smith, and this year the professor is to lecture before the Chautauqua (N. Y.) university.

The new magazine, The Cosmopolitan, originally launched at Rochester, N. Y., has been moved here and seems destined for success. Its editor is Frank P. Smith, and in connection with The Cosmopolitan an editorial writer on The Democrat and Chronicle at Rochester. The success of this new magazine is due almost entirely to the delicate yet strong personality of Mr. Smith. I think. He is tall and slender, with an oval face, abundant coal black hair, carefully brushed across his forehead. A black mustache curls around the corners of his mouth and his nose supports light steel framed glasses. He is a close student, and is somewhat reserved to strangers.

The advertising rates of the New York daily papers strike terror to the hearts of out of town advertisers. I made a tour of several of the offices and asked for their rate cards. For reading notices The World charges \$2.50 a line on its first page, \$1.50 and \$1 on other pages; for the Sunday paper, \$3, \$2, \$1.50 and \$1, the notices to be "starred" or marked advt. For the same thing The Sun charges \$2.50 on first page, \$1.50 on third page. The Times rate is \$2 for first page, or a column is quoted at \$125 each insertion. Advertisements for help, etc. The Times make at five cents to ten cents per line. For agate notices preceding marriages and deaths The Tribune charges \$1 per square line \$2 preceding marriages. For "wants" The World charges twenty to twenty-five cents per line, five cents extra on Sunday. All the papers charge double prices for display type, electric, and quadruplicate for double columns. Births, marriages and deaths are \$1.50 in The Times, twenty cents extra Sunday; \$1 in The Tribune.

WALTER WICKLEY.

It Wasn't.

He sat on the curbstone in front of the city hall, in the full glare of the noonday sun, with the thermometer seeming to mark 40 degrees. A pedestrian, who carried an umbrella, and a handcarriage, and the other, thought to join him a little, and called out:

"Well, is this hot enough for you?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Good lands, but why not?"

"Because I've got a Candy sugar, and this is just the time for my child. Say, is there any better place than this in Detroit?"

Detroit Free Press.

The Same Old Boy.

Now to regain from ready hand the crown of the old delinquent king, and in the guise of Adam he both in the same submerge him. And when he had a handkerchief in the pocket, he took the cottage, owner, The little fictionist asserts "Wasn't a passing show."

—Yankee Gazette.

Jewish Pauperism in London.

According to The London Spectator, there is a great deal of Jewish pauperism in London. Last year, for example, every third Jew received from the state. The reason for this state of affairs is that a large number of Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Sephardim and Mogreb Jews have immigrated to London—New York Tribune.

A maid of honor in Queen Victoria's household receives a salary of \$1,500 a year, and her presence is required only twelve weeks annually.

# His Title to the Land.

A friend of mine, Hugh Craig, a graduate of Oxford, told me a story once, which I have since seen in The Overland Monthly, regarding a claim to a title.

At a "land court" a middle aged man appeared and made a long speech, giving the reason why a title of a certain piece of land should be given to him. An old, grizzled Maori had listened without saying a word. At last, as the younger man was about finishing his speech, he inquired:

"Where are my ancestors buried, but in this land where I was born?"

When he had ended the old man entered slowly and, throwing off everything but a waistcloth, he bounded across the room and addressed the court, saying: "I have listened with disgust and contempt to the words of this fellow. What claim can he have on this land? I was born long ago the people and lived on that land when he was a small child; and the mistake I then made was in permitting him to live! And he asks? Where are his ancestors buried? I tell him and show him. Here! here!"—putting his stomach with his left hand. "His ancestors are here. I ate them, and that is my title to the land!"

No better or stronger title to native land can be brought before the native land courts than the above described "Title by Digestion."—Brookline News.

Our Servants.

Mistress Nora: "I would like to have you wear this cap."

Nora O'Dowd—A cap is it? A cap you want to wear? One of my things like a daily struck on the top of my head! Sure the next thing you'd be axin' me to be coachman for the lady; I'd have to drive a pig to the market with a rope to his leg as do the lasses o' that!—Harper's Bazar.

They Went Back and Lied.

Said Buffalo Bill to an American who saw him recently in London: "Before I got into the show business, as you must have suspected, I conducted—that's the word now—a great agency parties of noble young Englishmen all through the Black Hills, the Yellowstone country, the Little Missouri and Little Big Horn countries. Well, they were mostly quiet, good natured fellows, that kept me shooting to get skins, antlers and such like for them, and I pride myself on keeping them out of trouble with Indians and grizzlies and such. I find these quiet chaps have come home and figured as heroes of every kind of scrimmage; every skin was the natural focus of a stack of lies, and every horn a long winded tale of the most sensational kind. And I'm expected to back 'em all up and add more gory particulars. It's rough on an honest frontiersman, but I do it." "What, sustain wide-spread lies?" "Well, this way," said Bill with a faint black smile, "it's mostly a young girl with glowing eyes, who's been led to, and asks me, and I can't get it in me to take her vision away from her, and then," he added in a dreamy way, "it's all gone to help the show."—Dakota Bell.

Couldn't Reasonably Expect It.

He peeped his head cautiously inside of our sanctum door, just as we were starting out on an important leading article, and mentally cursing the perverse perversity of a stubborn steel pen and a host of impenetrable, uncolored ink.

"Don't want no lead pencils today, do you?" he equivocally sang out.

"Come in, my man," was our encouraging response; "let's look at 'em; what do they cost?"

"Ten cents a dozen," was the answer in a self-satisfied, persuasive tone of voice.

After paying for our purchase, we cautiously inquired:

"Do you think they'll write?"

The vendor of confined plumage shrugged his shoulders and made truthful response:

"The pencils look good enough, but you certainly couldn't expect them to write at that price."—Pittsburg Sunday National.

Mum's the Word.

"Father!" shouted the son of a Pennsylvania farmer as he rushed into the house, "it's come!"

"What?"

"Natural gas!"

"Now, William, don't you lie to me."

"But we've struck it—me and Jim—down behind the barn."

"Well, shut right up or the old woman will hear you. Not a word to her, William—not a whisper! Time we struck it I had to buy her two calico dresses, and when we found out she struck for a pair of shoes. If she hears of this she'll want a \$25 show, and like enough a pair of them red stockings. Mum is the word, William."—Wall Street News.

Pure Blood.

Mrs. Bondclipper—Doctor, what do you think is the matter with me?

Doctor—I am inclined to think your blood is not pure. I'll have to give you something to purify your blood.

Mrs. Bondclipper, haughtily—You are probably not aware that I belong to one of the old Dutch families of New York—Texas Sittings.

Evident Loss of Time.

Along the eastern shore the low waves crept. Making a crosswise motion on the sand—

A song that quills and curlews understand, The lullaby that sings the day to sleep.

A thousand miles apart, the two lovers were lying Undreaming watch upon a shoreless land.

The sound of surf comes singing up the steep. Sweet, thou canst hear the tidal lullaby;

I, mid the pine land wearied, may but dream Of the fair